

## PHILADELPHIA



## REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, June 18, 1803.

*Romance of the Four Dervishes.*

A PERSIAN TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

"WITH a heavy heart and weeping eyes, I retired into a corner of the mosque, and bewailed my unhappy fate night and day, that I was at last so reduced by grief and hunger, that my senses failed me, and I lay in a sort of stupor on the ground, pitied by every one who beheld me. Some days after, the steward happened to enter the mosque, and seeing a number of people gathered about me, lamenting my youth and helpless condition, he approached the place where I lay, and knew me again. Grieved at the sight, he hastened back to his mistress with an account of what he had seen. She was moved with pity at the recital, and ordered him to return to the mosque, to see if I still lived.

" 'If what my fears tell me,' said she, 'has happened, put him with all becoming decency in a shroud, and conveying him privately by night into the garden, bury him according to his desire, at the foot of such a cypress. But if he still breathes, then bring him also when it is dark, into the house, that proper means may be tried for his recovery; or, at least, though he be doomed to die, yet still he may for a little come to himself, when I shall have the opportunity of begging forgiveness for all my cruelties.'

"The steward having returned to the mosque, sat down by my head, and poured a strengthening cordial into my mouth, hour by hour, till night came, when he conveyed me into the house. That adorable

creature was moved at my distress; she sat down by my bed-side, and instantly sent for her physician, who finding that weakness was my only disease, ordered me medicines of a strengthening quality, by which, in a few days, I came to myself. During all this time the idol of my heart never left me, but administered the draughts with her own hand. Such kind and unremitting attentions made me forget all my woes, and gave me a new relish for life. Day by day I recovered my strength, and in less than a month my health was completely established.

"One night as we were sitting together in conversation, she kindly bid me tell her what were the wishes of my heart. I replied, 'This is my wish; to lay my life at thy feet, and anoint my eyes with the dust on which thou treadest; and from the day,' added I, 'that I became thy slave, till the day I was deprived of thee, I have seen and heard several things that I am anxious to hear explained.'

"Upon these words, she sighed deeply, and said, 'O! Sir, what must I do? your kindness to me has been so great, I am afraid I shall never be able to requite you; but henceforward I shall consider myself bound to oblige you, as much as is in my power, for the time you have spent in my service: Know, then, that I am the daughter, and only child of the king of Shaum. My father was always excessively fond of me, and as long as I can remember, I have enjoyed a life of continual pleasure, and indulged in the free use of wine. The daughters of the chief noblemen of Shaum, who were remarkable for their beauty and accomplishments, were always in attendance. And I had in my train, female slaves, who were skilled in vocal and instrumental music. In a word, nothing was wanting that could conduce to my amuse-

ment, and I passed my time in mirth and gaiety, unsuspecting of the caprice and treachery of fortune. By chance the days of fasting in the month Ramazin approached, when I considered it necessary to restrain from drinking wine. On the first day I was seized with a violent head-ache, and a fluttering at the heart, arising from the wine I had drank the night before. My old steward, who had formerly been my tutor, observing my indisposition, told me, I would certainly find instant relief if I took a little kooknar, which was his constant drink, being a liquor made of the juice of poppy seeds. Never having heard of the name of kooknar before, I ordered him to bring it. He then went out, and returned in a little time, with a boy of about eight years old, in a ragged coat, all soiled with the juice of kooknar, blue trowsers, and a coarse woollen cowl, carrying a flaggon of the liquor in his hand. I could not comprehend why the steward had brought him; but it was by this means, that deceitful fortune had resolved to work my ruin. Offended at the appearance of this little blackguard boy, I reprehended the steward severely for his presumption in bringing him; but he smiled, and said, 'That it was unbecoming to despise any of the creatures of God, for we were all his servants, and followers of the same faith.'

"Oh! Sir, my stars had ordained it, and I listened to the steward's advice. A cup was brought, and the steward himself filling it up with kooknar, played the cup-bearer, and made all my attendants taste it; I likewise was persuaded, and was sensible of its good effects in removing my head-ache. My women in the outer apartment, had, by this time, gathered about the little boy, whom they teized and plagued so much by their jesting, that, unable to escape from them, he began to cry out for assistance.

I enquired what the cause of this disturbance was, and what made the boy cry out. The steward replied, 'Madam, that little boy is a great wag; he is only doing it in pleasantry.'—'What can such a young child as that,' said I, 'know of wagery?'—'That little rascal,' said he, 'is the favourite of all the people in the kooknar manufactory, where he entertains them by his humour the whole day.' Curious to see how it was, I bid him be brought back. The steward began to rail at him in jest, which he retorted with his little sweet tongue, and called him such a variety of bad names with so much humour, and such a turn of expression, that I ordered his flaggon to be filled with silver, and himself to return with the kooknar, during the time of fast. Accordingly, he brought it every day, and my steward and nurse entertained me by rallying and jesting with him.

'When the days of fast were past, and I had again began, once more, to drink wine, I felt the want of the kooknar by a fluttering at my heart, and the water running from my eyes and brain. I gave orders that the boy should still continue to come with his flaggon every day. Sometimes when he came, we used to place him in the midst of us, and give him wine for our entertainment; but during the space of six months, he had never been better dressed. Thinking the money I had given him had not been sufficient, I ordered his flaggon to be filled every day with gold; but still another six months passed away, and his clothes were still the same. One day I asked him why he never got better clothes, and what he did with all his money. He fell a-crying, and said, 'Oh! princess, my master takes it all from me; I am a poor helpless orphan, and only have my bread in return for all my work.'

'I was astonished at the ingratitude of this child's master, who, by means of this child, had acquired so much gold, and yet only allowed him a little rice for his support. I asked the child if he knew how to prepare kooknar, and if he would stay and make it for me in my house. He replied, that if I would but accept his services, he would be happy even to feed the dogs in my palace. Upon this, I ordered the steward to take him into his charge, and get him every thing necessary for making the kooknar. At the same time I ordered several handsome suits of clothes to be made for him, taking care also that he should have good meat and drink. When the boy thus saw himself freed from his slavery, and enjoyed such good vicissitudes, he thrived so well, that every day his

good looks and beauty improved, and he became remarkable for his good qualities and accomplishments. By slow and imperceptible degrees, matters came to such a pass, that my eyes were never weary of beholding him; and the god of love took at last such possession of my heart, that if I missed sight of him, or was deprived of his company for a moment, tears of blood trickled down my face, and my senses failed me; and when he again returned into my presence, my heart fluttered so with joy in my breast, and the colour rose to such a degree in my cheeks, that my love for him was manifest to all my attendants. In a word, six years passed on in this manner, when my nurse and confidantes, thinking it improper that he should be allowed to remain any longer in the palace, advised me, that there might be no room for scandal, to remove him from thence, and give him some lucrative station that should still retain him in my service. I instantly gave orders that they should fit up a shop for him, with two thousand toumans worth of merchandize, as you have already seen, and pay him respect on my account. When the people of my father's court saw he was thus favoured by me, they also contracted with him for all sorts of stuffs that were needed in the palace. I then purchased a house for him near myself, and furnished it from my own establishment with male and female slaves, and every article of household furniture. From this house I ordered a private passage to be made into my garden, to which my steward and nurse were alone privy, and who used to convey him by this means into my apartment, when all the other domestics were retired to rest. In this manner some time had pleasantly elapsed, when one night observing him thoughtful and melancholy, I asked him what was the cause. 'There is a garden,' replied he, 'for sale in the suburbs of this city, which for beauty is not to be equalled in this country: its price is three thousand tonmans of gold, but may be purchased for one thousand, which, alas! I have not at hand.'

'As I knew I could easily afford it, I was determined to please him. I gave him the money to purchase it, and went some days afterwards to walk in it. It was, indeed, the most delightful place I had ever seen. In the midst stood a lofty building, and on every side were parterres of flowers, divided by pleasant and refreshing streams of water. I approved highly of his choice, and seemed to be overjoyed with every thing I saw, that I might give him pleasure, and make him partake of my joy. The pleasing the beloved, you know, they say, is the chief law in the

code of love. Some weeks passed on in this agreeable manner, when another night I again perceived the marks of care on his brow. On my enquiring the cause, he said, there was a slave to be sold, who was a complete mistress of the science of music, sung delightfully, and was skilled in all the various duties belonging to a servant: 'Her accomplishments,' added he, 'render her worthy the honour of waiting on my princess, and I am exceedingly anxious to purchase her for you.' As I saw his heart was resolved on having the slave, I gave him leave to buy her, and asked him what was her price. 'Twenty toumans of gold,' he said: upon which I paid him down the money, and desired him to accept of the slave as his own. When he had brought her to his house, I found she fully answered his description: I presented her with many fine cloaths, and rich ornaments, to adorn her person, which was extremely beautiful. For several nights after this I missed his company, and at last a whole month slipped on without my ever seeing him. Surprised at this, I sent my nurse to enquire what was the cause. She returned with an answer, begging I would excuse his coming that night, as he had a violent head-ache, which prevented him from walking. Upon hearing of his indisposition, I got up, and went to see him myself. When I entered his apartment, I found him with his head lying in his slave's lap, gazing on her face. From this I easily understood how the matter was; and although jealousy had got the better of me, yet I was able to keep sufficient self-command. My appearance threw them into confusion, but I did not upbraid, but spoke kindly to them; and although the young man excused himself on the plea of indisposition, yet he was not as he used to be, and evidently wished to withdraw himself from my society.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### TO MINERVA.

IT is impossible for me to express the surprise I felt on reading your production, abounding with inconsistencies, and marks of insanity, which call for censure even from the most disinterested; and to see you arrogate to yourself a title, corresponding so much with a Goddess of Wisdom, that a wise remark is not to be found in your complicated piece. Had you called yourself *Bacchus*, it would have been more appropriate to the language which you have used.

I pass over "faithful," "weakness,"



"misdemeanors," "soft fair sex," and several other needless expressions contained in the beginning of your piece, confident that foolery so glaring does not require attention. You say you "feel an inclination to point out to the fair, their errors," (excluding yourself entirely) "and give them a picture," &c.—Do, good Minerva, rectify your own errors, before you attempt to reprove those of your neighbours; lay down a picture of your own puerile ignorance, and contrast it with those you would instruct, and I humbly conceive, if you have the least spark of shame, it will be visible on your cheek for a moment,—though but for a moment; for the specimen which you have given of your abilities, has convinced me that it is not the first time you have given advice unasked; nor the first time you have been censured for it, because ridiculous. Reproach would be lost on you, I shall therefore not attempt it—"You say, 'none rises to welcome the guest;' pray, is it necessary? What ideas you have of politeness, and where you imbibed them, I cannot conceive. When a gentleman is introduced into company, all that is requisite on the female part, is an inclination or bow of the head, to shew that they know the animal is present; then let him take a seat, and join in conversation, if he pleases; if not, let him be silent: there is not the least necessity for his stepping forward, and paying his addresses,—that may be dispensed with. I must confess, your ideas of grace, and mine, do not coincide, if strutting about the room be graceful. No, dear mistress! since the days of Chesterfield, we have never heard of its being (and through all the multiplicity of scenes of which you have been a partaker, you never saw it) done without confusion, and of course, without grace. Rest assured, my revered instructor! the epithets you complain of, are never applied to any without cause; and if their actions are deserving of it, your wonder should cease.

You wish to know "why we we avail ourselves of the practice of whispering?" &c. I answer, because it is necessary; and your own sense (of which, indeed, you seem to be almost void) will tell you "necessity has no law." Your next period is absolutely so void of every thing like grammatical accuracy, that the absurdity is perceptible at first sight, and (as I have not the pleasure of being acquainted with the "sable fiend") I pass it over with one observation, That you have been extremely fortunate in the acquaintance which you have cultivated, and I presume not without assiduity.

What could have induced you to make use of the word "sophistication," I am utterly at a loss to conceive, except that you were under the influence of the "sable fiend" at the time; as the little knowledge you were previously possessed of, seems to have been (at this time) entirely eradicated; but I hope, ere this, you have regained it, as you would be in a singular predicament were you dispossessed by your friend of that little. I cannot but wonder at the stupidity of the next question, "How knew I that the same story had been told another of my sex?" &c. The most trivial occurrences of life appear to be very intricate to you; but I forget you are instigated and led on by the "sable fiend," and absurdity is substituted in place of wisdom; for nothing is more common, than for the same story (with a little variation) to be retailed to every female who "embraces the robe of flattery." I think myself fortunate in saying, I am not among the number, and therefore shall not pay attention to any thing bordering on that vice—I am not to be caught with the gilded bait, when convinced that under it is concealed the hook of falsehood and deceit. You request the sex to leave off the "heinous amusements," &c.; when you convince us that those amusements are *heinous*, we will no longer practise them; but you have not as yet advanced one argument so forcible as to convince us they are—till that is done, we consider an alteration needless. I repeat it, I hope there is not a female in existence, who would not scorn to be absolutely controlled by "Bachelors," or even "Minervas," metamorphosed into men, without common sense.

As it is more than probable the Editor will not insert any more communications on this subject in the Repository, I beg leave to bid you farewell; and request that you will exert yourself to shake off the irksome fetters of incongruity, which the arch fiend has imposed upon you; and I hope next time you appear, it will be in a character more consistent with your real one—for the transexion is so visible, that I neither regard the "sanction of Venus, or the approbation of Minerva," when united in the person of an abominable male animal.

ANN LIVELY.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

BEING in company a few evenings since, when the merits and demerits of the

late writers on the subject introduced by the "Young Bachelor," were canvassed; I had (by taking no part in the conversation) an opportunity of paying particular attention to the remarks made by the female part of the company; one of whom, after enquiring of another if she had seen the Repository, asked her opinion of the Young Bachelor's production.—"Oh," answered she, "his language is good, but I can't conceive what business he had to meddle with us."—"I wonder what right he had to interfere in our amusements?" says another, "I would not be deprived of the pleasures of whispering, &c. for all the Young Bachelor is worth."—"Oh," says a third, "he is nothing but some beardless school-boy, who had little else to do, and perhaps had been driven with disgrace from female society, and wishes to be revenged on them for it."—"For my part," says a fourth, "I disregard all he can say, for I am mistress of my own conduct, and no production of his, or any other person, shall prevent me from acting as I please. It is my opinion that he is an antiquated Old Bachelor, who has been disappointed in marriage—But what think you of the answers?"—"Why I think," answered the first, "the *Rights of Women* is a fool."—"But Ann Lively, what of her?"—"Oh, she does pretty well, only she has not vindicated sufficiently our rights—for instance, she acknowledges our faults, which, in my opinion, is unnecessary."—"I think she is very candid," returned the other.—"Too much so," answered the first: "but she certainly deserves thanks for stepping forward in our defence—Oh! how she gives it to the men, when she says—, but give me the Repository, I forget."—"Ladies," says an elderly lady, who was present, and had hitherto preserved silence, "I think Ann Lively deserves praise for stepping forward as your defender; but I really think you are deserving of censure for the bad conduct of which the Young Bachelor complains. Recollect, that had you acted properly, you would never have had cause to complain of your champion, as there would have been occasion for none."

This rebuke had a very sudden effect; completely silenced the speakers; the Repository was forgot in a moment; and another subject was started and discussed, in which your humble servant took his part.

S.

OBSER.—Reproof should not exhaust its power upon petty failings; let it watch diligently against the incursions of vice, and let folly and futility die of themselves.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

".....I, e'er thou spakest,  
"Knew it not good for man to be alone."

IT is really astonishing, "In an age so enlightened as the present, in which Philosophy has made the strictest researches; investigated Truth, and discovered her in almost every subterfuge;" it is, I say, really surprising, that a person is to be found declaring that there are more benefits arising from practising the ways of the vicious and abandoned, (for such are the advocates of Celibacy,) than in travelling in the well-trodden, sure and honourable path of Matrimony: that it is such, must be obvious to every man of sense, notwithstanding the assertions of the misguided "Misogamist" to the contrary; who, in the plenitude of his experience, has imbibed a taste for the pleasures (as he terms them) of Celibacy, which, if not eradicated, will inevitably hurry him to the goal of destruction.

Considering the number of libertines with which our city is infested, and the character of persons of that description, I could not but remark, that they, when wasted with dissipation, their sources for the gratification of their inordinate desires, exhausted, and no hope of ever again having (except by marriage) the means of renewing the wealth, necessary to continue in their disgraceful habits, then, and not till then, do they endeavour, to entrap some unguarded female, who, perhaps, having no parent or guardian to protect and advise her, falls an easy prey, and perceives the snare into which she has fallen when it is too late. Such are the advantages derived by the female sex, from associating with debauchees and Misogamists! Beware, ye parents, trust not your children in the hands of men of this description! Beware, ye children, think not yourselves proof against their designs; for in the hour that ye think not, the enemy prevaleth.

Methinks I see in the "Misogamist," a man of the town, (after having spent his parental inheritance in dissipation and riotous living) endeavouring to allure the virtuous and wealthy female into marriage; who seeing through his designs, dismisses him with contempt. Enraged at the destruction of his deep-laid and favourite project, he swears revenge—flies to the pen, which having dipped deep in gall, he dispatches the production of his over heated brain to the office of the Repository for insertion—It appears, and therein can he traced disappointment combined with revenge and contempt of the sex, and bitter invectives against the marriage state. Having

thus satiated his revenge, he again probably intends using his utmost endeavours to prevail upon some other of the sex to unite with him at the altar;—but it is sincerely to be wished that he may meet with no better success than formerly.

A coincidence with the belief of women "having no souls," is indicative of a mind void of reason and rationality; it shews an ignorance puerile in the extreme; for why may not woman, "man's better half," formed by the Supreme Creator,

"Giver of all things fair, but fairest this,  
"Of all his gifts....."

for the solace and comfort of man in this world of trouble, attain to happiness hereafter? Undoubtedly they will; maugre any assertions to the contrary.

In the opinion of many of the most celebrated authors, ancient and modern, moral and divine, the married state is a state of felicity. Cannot, then, their belief, which has never been confuted, obtain a preference to the upstart opinions of a hater of it? Indubitably they will: the good sense of those who are not contaminated with the errors of libertinism, will point out to them the subtlety of the "enemy of mankind" in the production of the "Misogamist." Regard not then the absurd ideas of those who are swallowed up in the vortex of dissipation, and can acquire no taste for honourable passions; regard them not, ye young men! who are daily increasing in knowledge and stature; keep in memory the fatal consequences; associate not with persons of this description; avoid them as you would the rattle-snake: recollect that on your conduct depends the fate, perhaps, of an indulgent parent, whose life is wound up in your's. Seek the company of virtuous females; you will derive great benefit from their soft manners and engaging conversation, and receive a polish, which in other company you would never acquire. Then will you shine a bright ornament of society; an honour to yourselves and families: the tongue of slander will not dare to molest you. Whereas, by associating with persons of another description, you will be universally despised by the good and virtuous. If you have arrived at an age suitable, seek for a partner; one with whom you are certain you can be happy; seek for one among the many who inhabit our city, of whom you can say—

"Grace is in her steps, heaven in her eye,  
"In every feature dignity and love."

You will then be in possession of that happiness of which a "Misogamist" can never boast; you will have an help-mate who

will soothe your cares, and cause your days to run smoothly down the vale of life. Adored by the wife of your bosom, caressed and beloved by your children, a comfort to your parents, as well as a valuable member of society, when from this world you are called by the unsparing hand of Death, you will not, on your death-bed, be subjected to the sharp stings of conscience which usually attend the libertine; but may possess a sanguine and steadfast hope of sharing a permanent bliss hereafter.

MENTOR.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

## TO THE MISOGAMIST.

SIR,

OF all the monstrous pieces that monsters have ever written, yours is certainly the most monstrous.

If it had contained one grain of philosophy, or even a scruple of common sense, I should not have thought it decorous to preface my reply in such absolute terms; but since you bid defiance to the united testimony, as well as to the experience of all past generations; and daringly avow open hostility to the voice of nature, as well as to the mandate of heaven; it is but just that every rational being should express the utmost abhorrence of the diabolical sentiments you hold forth to a generation already sufficiently vicious. Although there are but few persons so ignorant as to be in any danger of falling victims to your very logical disquisition; yet for your own sake I feel it my duty to make a few remarks on the impudent attack you have made upon our sex, as well as upon decency and common sense. You set out, it is true, in a very philosophical strain, when you inform us, that "Philosophy has investigated and discovered Truth in almost every subterfuge!" Wonderful discovery, indeed! You certainly have the merit of discovering that Truth has need of subterfuge.

Your next paragraph is nearly as logical as the former, where you assert that, notwithstanding Matrimony, in a contest with Celibacy, obtains a preference, that is, a majority, "yet undoubtedly the prize should be given to Celibacy!" Here again you shine in your philosophical conclusions...So much for the cogibundity of your cogitative mind.

Your next dish is served up with a most unqualified philippic on the character of our sex, and evidently exhibits to the reader, that such has been your conduct towards us, that you now justly suffer under the



lash of our universal execration; and consequently you have nothing to expect from us but that scorn which is justly due to your demerit. I cannot close my observations on this paragraph, without noticing your impudence, as well as your presumption, in using the plural number, as if there were any other men as monstrous as yourself.

As it respects the "souls" of women, you certainly are the last person that should touch upon that string.—It is allowed by all, that the soul is the rational principle that inhabits our bodies;—but where, Sir, shall we discover *your* soul, when we look for it thro' the medium of rationality? The epithets of "extravagance and folly," which you so liberally bestow upon us to prove us "irrational," I think will as amply apply to yourself for your silly production, as it will to us for our "inconsideration of the future." You say, "our conduct is the effect of passion,"—and may we not justly retort, that your present conduct is the effect of spleen or folly, if not of a more pitiable cause,—that of insanity. And I am sorry to have a proof of the latter so near at hand, where you seem to lament that you can "marry nothing else but women!" What, Sir, would a *man* wish to marry but a *woman*? Is it possible that you can possess a state of sanity, and talk of marrying any thing but a woman? Pity you cannot be permitted to marry something in which you may find a greater congeniality of soul with your own! where shall we look amongst the animal creation to find an helpmate for you?—one who possesses that congeniality of soul you so ardently pant after? If I might be permitted to recommend you a partner, truly congenial with the sentiments you maintain and exhibit in your garrulous piece, I would recommend my neighbour Hobbs's old SOW, as squaring the nearest with your ideas:—if there is any difference, I think she expresses herself more rationally than you do. It is true she does not talk Latin quite so fluently, but she may soon learn to answer your murmurings, after she has "become familiar to you," with "*O voluptas, brevis durationis.*"

I am charmed while I look over your next paragraph, in which your paternal feelings are so so finely depicted:—the paternal feelings of a Misogamist!!!—it needs no other remark.

But now, Sir, "to turn away from this" farrago of incoherencies, and listen a moment, while you affect to reason about "liberty, happiness, &c."—You say "in marriage there is no liberty, consequently there

can be no happiness." You have reasoned from false premises, and consequently your inference is erroneous. If I might be permitted to explain your meaning, I think the sentence would read thus, "In marriage there is no licentiousness; consequently it would deprive me of my brutal happiness."

I should now take leave of you, Sir, but that I feel myself inspired by the charms of your wonderful poetry! what a pity that you did not express yourself altogether in such sweetly flowing numbers as the specimen you conclude with. Let us see if among the most celebrated poets we can find any thing that will equal it in good sense, good measure, and poetic genius. I think Thomson describes the opposite sentiment with as much success as the Misogamist, when he treats of conjugal happiness—thus:

"O happy they! the happiest of their kind!  
"Whom gentle stars unite, and in one fate  
"Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend;  
"Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
"Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
"That binds *their* peace, but harmony itself,  
"Attuning all their passions into love;  
"Where friendship full exerts her softest power,  
"Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire  
"Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;  
"Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
"With boundless confidence: for nought but love  
"Can answer love, and render bliss secure."

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Let him, ungracious, who *alone intent*  
To bless himself with something else than woman,  
The loathsome SOW, in all her filth embrace,  
Well merited; and in sweet sympathy of souls,  
Congenially consume his nights and days.  
..... "What is the world to them,  
"Its pomp, its pleasures, and its nonsense all?  
"Who in each other clasp whatever *foul*  
"High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish."

OLIVIA.

### Small Talk,

NO. II.

"No costly plate adorned their tables, their meals were sweet, they had a *sufficiency* and did not waste, they were content."

CURIUS,

"WHO thrice obtained the honour of a triumph," was sitting in the chimney-corner of a mean hut, boiling roots to eat, when the ambassadors of the Samnites came to bribe him. He rejected their offers with disdain, saying, "He that can content himself with such a supper as that, (pointing to the roots) has no need for gold."

### THE EMPEROR PROBUS

Was sitting on the bare ground, eating a mess of Pork and Peas, when word was brought him, that the Persian ambassadors had arrived: without changing his posture or dress, which was made of purple woolen cloth, he ordered them to be introduced, and when he saw them, said, "Go tell your king, that if he does not take special care, I will lay his fields as bare of trees and corn as this head is of hair, (taking off his cap that they might better comprehend his meaning). If you are hungry, sit down and eat, you are welcome; if not, go back immediately." The ambassadors reported what they had seen to their prince, who being in a terrible fright, as his enemies he found found were likewise *enemies* to luxury, went instantly to meet Probus, and agreed to his *just requests*.

### CONTRAST.

"His mind bent on gormandizing, he lived a glutton."

LUCULLUS

One day said to his steward, who was excusing the meanness of the dinner, as there was no company—"Did you not know that Lucullus was to eat at Lucullus' house to-day?"

Cicero and Pompey, not giving credit to the reports of his magnificence, resolved to be satisfied whether it was so or not; they therefore invited themselves to dinner one day, and would not allow him to give any orders to his servants about their entertainment,—he barely told the attendant to have the repast served in the "*Hall of Appollo.*" His guests were very much surprized to see with what celerity and splendour it was prepared; they did not know that the "*Hall of Appollo,*" was a watch-word, to signify that the feast should cost, at least 50,000 drachms, which sum would procure as much at that time as 5,000 dollars would now.

### Moral Essays.

NO. VII.

(CONTINUED.)

### ON SENSIBILITY.

BY MISS BOWDLER.

THE young are apt to fancy that the affections of their hearts will prove the source of nothing but pleasure;—those who are farther advanced in life, are much too apt to run into the contrary extreme. The error of the first, even taking it in the worst light, is productive of some pleasure,

as well as pain; that of the last serves only to throw a damper over every pleasure, and can be productive of nothing but pain. It leads, indeed, to the most fatal consequences, since it tends to make *self* the only object; and the heart which is merely selfish, must ever be incapable of virtue, and of happiness, and a stranger to all the joys of affection and benevolence; without which the happiest state in this world must be insipid, and which may prove the source of many pleasures, even in the midst of the severest afflictions.

In every state of life, in spite of every disappointment, *these* should still be cherished and encouraged; for though they may not always bestow such pleasures as the romantic imaginations of youth had painted, yet they will still bestow such as can be found in nothing else in this world; and indeed they are necessary, in order to give a relish to every enjoyment.

I mention an affectionate and a benevolent disposition together, because I believe, when they are genuine, they never can be separated; and, perhaps, the disappointments so often complained of, may sometimes be occasioned by a mistake upon this subject; for there is a selfish attachment, which often usurps the name of friendship, though it is indeed something totally different. It is an attachment like that which a musician feels for his instrument, or a virtuoso for his pictures and his statues;—the affection is not fixed on the object itself, but merely on the pleasure received from it. Such an attachment as this is liable to numberless little jealousies and uneasinesses;—the smallest doubt is sufficient to awaken its fears; the most trifling error excites its resentment, and that resentment is immediately expressed by complaints, and often by upbraidings.

True friendship is not indeed less quick-sighted; it watches with a tender and anxious solicitude to promote the welfare and happiness of the object which it loves; it is a kind of microscope which discovers every speck; but then the discovery does not excite any resentment, still less could it lead to unkindness and upbraidings:—it inspires a concern like that which we feel for our own errors and imperfections, and produces an earnest desire and sincere endeavour to remove them.

With such a friend, the heart may appear just as it is, and enjoy the pleasure of an unbounded confidence;—but with those whose affection is founded on a regard to themselves, every word and action must be weighed, and the fear of giving offence must throw a restraint over every conversation.

The real friend will be disposed to love all those who are any way connected with the object of his affection; he will be sincerely interested for their welfare, and will wish to gain their affection, and promote their happiness.

The selfish will view them with a jealous eye, continually apprehensive that they may rob him of some part of a treasure which he would wish to engross.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. EDITOR,

*Your curious letter from Dr. Sheridan to Dean Swift, brought to my remembrance a similar one that has long lain among my papers; I received it from a Scotch gentleman, when at College, who informed me it was written by Dr. Anderson, of Glasgow. If you think it is deserving of a place in the Repository, it is at your service.*

A CONSTANT READER.

River and Zir,

I AM true balsame of tin but no in u toby a man off no legs and eggs pairings my hells pet wood kno trest untull I dunform u off whore country over sea about hour sin. She wants um toby a John dullman and Shakuspeares head in a pup pet has kepped him hat skul gin him the ewes off Hants worts dixon harry; he reeds late in tells to wrys habout hark ye lass Lucky red shoes Ovid Nosey Achy less and Ull hissies with money mo wer that aye nose nout off than the pope o rume, hand Im halfred hell get krakeet or tack to tup ellen like the dumb many of tyre. I therefore wnt u to men shone um to my jor And her son or sum O there of aye shear in the meal aye tree. I hive sent with this a press aunt off t that has sapt the cuthurs and gagers, and when u next cum a kate a kissing my hells, pet will have a good kicking or a paradox for ure sore face.

This his haul from ure home bull perish on her

PATRUK THUMP SOME.

DIRE HIC SHUN.

*Ad amputatus vel voluntas ego sum et ejus filius, profitemur vel, pluris omnis plene O sic a-hah, carbone acie, vitre vacae.*

N. B. A translation of the Direction is requested.

#### ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

AT a tea-party, a few evenings ago, a young gentleman (being at a loss for conversation) said, "Pray, Miss, does not your mother keep a cow?"—"No, Sir," replied the young Miss, "but your mother keeps a calf."

#### FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

*The following is literally copied from a board upon the window of a Huxster's Shop, in a village, upon the St. Alban's road, (Eng.) and first published in the Literary Magazine.*

EVANDER.

Isaac Beeby shoe-maker Higler and dealer in hold cloase sells hall sorts of grocery and wooden ware Bakun sand &c Goes to Lunnun and Sant Talbans Twice a weak brings hoysters and hall sorts of fish by land carriage.

Hold hats made as good as new, as well as every hother heart-tickle in the cloase trade. Farmers servants and wenches hope to plases at any other time but fare time upon haplication here—They may inquire for karacters whey they like it

#### FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

THOUGH a female, I beg leave to send you a few thoughts upon the great utility of ENGRAVING. Perusing, a few days since, a moral book, I was pleased with a number of very well executed engravings, designed to display the different scenes of which the writer treated. I could not avoid reflecting, what a valuable acquisition it would be if authors would generally adopt the same mode. It appears to me that it is calculated as effectually to enforce the subject written upon, (particularly when addressed to youthful minds) as example is to impress the precepts and opinions we wish upon the minds of those we are bound in duty to study to improve. Your's,

I. P.

#### COMPARISON.

MAN may be compared to a book. His birth is the title-page, his baptism the epistle dedicatory; his groans and crying, the epistle to the reader; his infancy and childhood the argument or contents of the whole ensuing treatises; his life and actions are the subject; his sins and errors the faults escaped; his repentance the corrections; as for the volumes, some are in folio, some in quarto, some in octavo, and some in duodecimo; some are plain bound, others more elegantly; some have piety and godliness for their subject; but great numbers are mere romances, pamphlets of wantonness and folly; but in the last page of every one there stands a word which is *FINIS*, and this is the last word in every book:—Such is the life of man, some longer, some



shorter; some weaker, some stronger; some finer, some coarser; some holy, some profane; but DEATH comes in like FINIS at the end, and closes up all, for that is the appointed end of all—For GOD hath appointed unto all men once to die, and after death then comes the judgment.

### A RULE

To find the Time of the Moon's coming to the South, and High Water, at Philadelphia.

FOUR times the Moon's age, if by 5 you divide,  
Gives the hour of her southing plus half 3 for the tide. W. C.

Philadelphia, June 14, 1803.

MR. HOGAN,

THE dramatic trifle, entitled the HERMIT, concluded in the last No. of the Repository, is, I understand, the production of quite a young man, who has never seen any theatrical performances, and seldom reads any work of that nature. From the genius, so characteristic, throughout this piece, something much superior may be anticipated by his friends, if our author would devote a small portion of his time to the requisites appertaining theatrical productions. The plot naturally excites the attention of the reader; in its conclusion, the curiosity is amply gratified from the connection and coincidence of the characters. The animated, the correct and sublime addresses to the DEITY,—the shrewdness of the inferior characters, and the style in general, is certainly a grand specimen of the talents of its author. That he may cultivate his genius, and favour the public with a second specimen of his application, is the wish of his friend, SHEVA.

Translation of the Epigram, in No. 6,  
page 47.

BELIEVE me, all ye old coquettes,  
'Tis time to retrench your toilets,  
Of evening and of morning fair:  
For greater safety break your mirror;  
You'll not be able then to see there,  
What you once were, nor what you are. F.

## PHILADELPHIA,

JUNE 18, 1803.

## INTELLIGENCE.

### LITERARY.

A Volume of Poems has been recently published at London, by Nathaniel Bloomfield, brother to the author of the Farmer's Boy. They prove that the poetic genius is not always confined to one of a family. The following extract may serve as a specimen—subject, *Love's Triumph*.

"Lose not one day, one hour of proffered bliss,

"In youth, grasp every unoffending joy,  
"And, wing'd with rapture, snatch the bridal kiss.  
"Let not this chief of blessings be deferred,  
"Till you your humble fortunes can improve;  
"None's poor but he, by sordid fears deter'd,  
"Who dares not claim the matchless wealth of love.  
"Virtue can make most rich thy little store;  
"Virtue can make most bright thy lowly state!  
"Murmur not then, that virtuous, thou art poor,  
"While prosperous vice can make men rich and great.

WE are informed, that there a number of counterfeit Spanish Dollars in circulation, of the impression of 1793 and 1794, and also of the old pillar dollars.—It is said that many have been passed in the evening, by French negroes and mulattoes. The public are advised to be cautious in receiving dollars from such suspicious characters. [Rel's Gaz.

BALTIMORE, JUNE 13.

TWO lads, we understand, who were amusing themselves on Saturday, by swimming in the basin, undertook to exert their diving faculties, for the purpose of determining who could continue longest under water—when, sad to relate, neither reached the surface, till brought up, to all appearance lifeless. One was restored to life after some time—but upon the other every exertion proved unavailing. Let boys take warning by this, never to subject themselves to the danger of being strangled by going too far below the surface, however expert they may be at swimming.

ALBANY, JUNE 7.

AT Bern, in this county, on the 21st ult. Abraham Sharre, a transient person, was found dead, having hung himself with a hickory withe, in a hut which he had built on the premises of Johannes Sadlemere, jun. It was supposed he had been dead four or five days, when his remains were discovered. It was a love affair which impelled this unfortunate being thus rashly to precipitate himself into the world of spirits.

A Man lately threw himself from the top of the gate of St. Dennis, at Paris, on the pavement of the Boulevards. The moment he was going to throw himself off, he called out to the people who were passing—"Take care my friends, for I do not wish to hurt you."

Mr. WM. HANCOCK, of Enfield. (N. H.) put an end to his existence, on the 28th ult. by cutting his throat with a razor. This unfortunate man has left a wife and 8 children.

## Marriages.

MARRIED, at Friends' meeting in Market-street, on the 9th inst. Mr. Joseph Cresson, to Miss Mary Chapman, both of this city.

—, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Samuel Cheerful, shopman, of this city, to the amiable Miss Ann Lively, daughter of Mr. George Lively, deceased, formerly of Washington.

—, on the 15th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Thomson, Mr. Graff, to Miss Smith, daughter of Mr. Smith, inn-keeper, all of this city.

—, at Grafton, (N. H.) Mr. Uriah Smith, aged about 40, to the agreeable Miss Prid, aged 13!!

[In the first article under the head "Marriages," in the last No. of the Repository, the reader is requested to read "Mr. James Canby, miller," for "Mr. James Canby Miller."

## Deaths.

DIED, at Tiverton, (R. I.) in the latter end of March last, Stephen Cook, at the age of one hundred years and thirteen days.

—, on the 13th inst. of a consumption, Mary Anne Maffet, aged 26, a native of Ireland.

—, on the 6th inst. in Spring Garden, Mr. Jacob Millar, in the 22d year of his age.

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A correspondent who signs himself *Detector*, accuses the *Misogamist* of pilfering the substance of his remarks on Marriage and Celibacy, and even whole sentences, from a piece that appeared in the 7th No. of Lee's American Universal Magazine, over the signature of *Misogamos*; and observes, that the editor of that work, after giving publicity to the piece, advised the ladies, in case they could discover the writer, to tar and feather him. This advice, however, does not comport with female delicacy—No! fair readers, rather leave these women-haters, these wretched misanthropical beings to pine away, unnoticed, in the unnatural, disconnected state they have chosen; and finally to sink into the grave without the soothing sympathetic attentions of an affectionate bosom friend—they cannot be more severely punished.

A short essay on *Hope* may be admitted, if the writer will permit it to be pruned of a few superabundant expressions.

The *Old Bachelor's* account of his domestic troubles, is, no doubt, a picture from life: but his description of fashionable dress,—his wig, cock'd bat, green breeches, &c. are such antiquated things, as induce a suspicion that the whole is but an altered copy of some ancient production....It rests with the writer to clear up this point.

A *Lover of Matrimony* came too late, and a *Young Widow* past the eleventh hour.

The *Character of a good Wife*, from Lord Gardenstone's Miscellanies, shall be given as soon as there is room.

The *lamentations of an Old Bachelor* shall be heard next week.

Remarks on the baneful effects of Flattery also in our next.

### JUST RECEIVED,

And for Sale at the Office of the Repository,

(Price 1 Dol. 75 Cts.)

## THEODORE CYPHON:

OR,

## The Benevolent Jew.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By GEORGE WALKER,

Author of the *House of Tynian*,—*Vagabond*, &c.

Ah! wilt thou then recall the scenes of woe,  
And teach again my scalding tears to flow?  
Thou know'st not how tremendous is the tale;  
My brain will madden, and my utterance fail.

## TEMPLE of the MUSES.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### THE WOODBINE AND WILLOW:

##### A FABLE.

*Addressed to a friend lately married.*

A WOODBINE, flush'd with vernal green,  
Sprung up beneath a Willow's shade;  
Where trembling in the gale unseen,  
Its little shoots to spread essay'd.  
At first a twig it faint embrac'd,  
Then gathering strength, from succour near,  
Wound round the friendly guardian's waist,  
And bade adieu to every fear.  
Kind Nature's genial breezes blew,  
Refreshing dews the Woodbine blest;  
Fair and more fair the youngling grew,  
And closer to the Willow prest.  
And now young silver-slipper'd May  
Shed on the Vine her balmy showers,  
When lo! at view of orient day,  
It bends beneath a load of flowers.  
Inwapt with joy the Willow smil'd,  
Then spread around his foliage green,  
And, whilst he press'd his charmer mild,  
Own'd her his little fragrant queen.  
My brother, (may I call thee mine?)  
Behold portray'd...the Willow thou;  
And thy dear little girl the Vine:  
She at whose feet the Graces bow.  
By Love inspir'd, at Duty's call,  
(Convinc'd, that voice to hear, she's born)  
She leaves her native wild scenes all,  
Thy humble mansion to adorn.  
Blest youth! does not thy bosom swell  
With joy, when soft thou view'st her smile?  
When Hope delights her tale to tell,  
Of hours which Love shall still beguile?  
Even as the Willow guards from harm,  
From every blasting vapour's breath  
Its tender charge, with kindly arm,  
And saves it from untimely death:  
So guard thy Love, Affection's child,  
From each unholy passion's sway;  
Teach with Persuasion's accents mild,  
And lead in Virtue's flowery way—  
And when, enraptur'd, on her charms  
You steady gaze, and press her cheek;  
When Love's soft throb thy bosom warms,  
And ling'ring sighs thy joy bespeak:  
O let thy heart, in grateful praise,  
Adore that gracious Power divine,  
Who kindly crowns thy youthful days,  
By rendering every blessing thine.

FLORIO.

June 15th, 1803.

#### THE INVITATION.

RETURN! sweet Girl, and bless me with thy sight,  
Return and bless me with thy cheering smiles;  
I wander here alone, and when 'tis night,  
No tête-à-tête the tedious time beguiles.

\* "I am a youth borne down with love and care,  
"Joy left my bosom with the parting fair."

May you, where'er you go, be ever blest,  
May joy attend you, where your footsteps lead;  
May you enjoy the sweets of balmy rest;  
May you from all anxiety be freed.

\* "I am a youth borne down with love and care,  
"Joy left my bosom with the parting fair."

May you glide gently down the stream of life;  
May no rude blasts occur, or tempests rise—  
Your passage pleasant, and devoid of strife;  
And may you find safe moorings in the skies.

\* "On all her days, let health and peace attend,  
"May she ne'er want, nor ever lose a friend."

Sweet Girl! at evening when the Zephyrs play,  
Does active thought e'er bring me to your mind?  
As thro' the flowery meads you lonely stray,  
Oh think on him, whom you have left behind.

\* "On all her days let health and peace attend,  
"May she ne'er want, nor ever lose a friend."

At vespers oft, I breathe a sigh for thee,  
Heaven's choicest blessing crave on \*\*\*\* dear,  
And pray that you may ever happy be—  
Oh! bid me hope, and banish every fear.

\* "Then blessed be the hour, the happy hour  
"When first I felt and own'd kind \*\*\*\*'s power."

If pity still bear sway within thy breast,  
Or soft compassion; gentle \*\*\*\* hear!  
O! kindly soothe my throbbing heart to rest,  
By saying, *hope*,—and banish every fear.

\* "Then blessed be the hour, the happy hour,  
"When first I felt and own'd kind \*\*\*\*'s power."

Slow pass the moments which were wont to fly,  
Unkindly ling'ring, to increase my pain;  
They pass'd too quick when \*\*\*\* dear was by;  
And so will they when she's return'd again.

\* "I am a youth borne down with love and care,  
"Joy left my bosom with the parting fair."

Return! sweet Girl, and bless me with thy sight,  
Return and bless me with thy cheering smiles;  
I wander here alone, and when 'tis night,  
No tête-à-tête the tedious time beguiles.

\* "I am a youth borne down with love and care,  
"Joy left my bosom with the parting fair."

SELWYN.

##### NOTE.

\* Quotations from Lord Lyttleton, with partial alterations.

#### ABSENCE.

WHILE blooms each fairest flower of spring,  
Expanding to the beam of day;  
While soars each bird, on blithesome wing,  
And pours its soft melodious lay:

While loveliest Nature smiles serene,  
Refulgent glows with every charm,  
Can aught be found—can aught be seen,  
My eye to please—my breast to warm?—  
—Ah no!—

In vain fair Nature meets my sight,  
To me she offers no delight;  
Nought can to bliss my bosom move,  
While absent from the maid I love.

While round the board in jocund glee,  
Quick fly the laugh and ready jest;  
While time speeds on in revelry,  
And Mirth to Friendship gives a zest:  
Or in each rainbow-tint array'd,  
While gaudy Beauty flaunts along;  
Can Friendship's voice my sorrows aid,  
Or Beauty with her syren song?

—Ah no!—  
Nor Nature's, Friendship's, Beauty's charms,  
With rapture e'er my bosom warms:  
Dejected, joyless still I rove,  
While absent from the maid I love.

LINDOR.

#### SELECTED.

##### LINES

*Written by the celebrated THOMSON, to his AMANDA;  
with a copy of the SEASONS.*

ACCEPT, dear Nymph, a tribute due  
To sacred Friendship, and to you!  
But with it take, what breath'd the whole,  
O! take to thine the Poet's soul!  
If Fancy here her power displays,  
Or, if a heart exalt these lays,  
You fairest in that fancy shine,  
And all that heart is fondly thine.

#### EPIGRAM

*On seeing a Young Lady writing Verses with a bolt in  
her Stocking.*

TO see a Lady of such grace,  
With so much sense and such a face,  
So slatternly, is shocking;  
O! if you would with Venus vie,  
Your pen and poetry lay by,  
And learn to mend your stocking.

\* \* Subscriptions for this Paper received at  
the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price  
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weeks, or 3 Dollars a year to those who pay  
in advance—Subscribers at a distance either  
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